The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Week by Week

ON THE basis of the outline published in the newspapers, it is easy to be pessimistic over the situation covered by the ten-year study of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. However, even pending a full examination of the document itself, some qualifications come to mind. The findings, as it happens, cover the colleges and secondary schools of Pennsylvania, but they are recognizably general in tendency—as the report rather pointedly indicates they may be. The chief difficulty seems to be that in the typical college group, those who plan to be teachers are inferior to almost all the other members of the group. They are—and if we understand the terms employed, this is one in the eye for departments of education—in the "special centers" which prepare them for teaching, "conspicuously and consistently below the level of the group as a whole." They are even, in enough cases to be disquieting, below the level of the very high-school pupils they are preparing to teach. The blame for all this was imputed partly to the quality of the students who go to college, and partly to the prevailing system of education, with its artificially divided curriculum and its "pseudo-standards" of time and credit. Perhaps these last words are too harsh to be wise. Any system of credits can be made jejune and unreal; but some form of external measure is probably essential in a large-scale public educational enterprise like ours, which must have its yearly supply of teachers. Experiments in tutorial training, organic specialization and personal standards of promotion for the time being simply must be reserved to special groups. We have no present equipment for making them general. The report is on far firmer ground in advocating increased aid for the worthy student timber which now gets no chance at college. Economic selectivity is not the healthiest selectivity for the higher education, and it is that which still largely prevails. Raise the students' intellectual average, and the time-and-credit system, while retaining its usefulness, loses most of its power to harm. To this we would subjoin two things. First, increase the pay of teachers, to attract minds of superior ability; second, reduce "pedagogy" in the curriculum, determine some maximum of time which is to be spent on "method," and spend the rest on subject matter.

Teachers and Teaching

THE FANTASTIC suggestion was put forward several weeks ago that the federal government should draw up and keep an ordinary business balance sheet, writing down liabilities as at present but also listing assets. The assets of a sovereign are difficult to judge and clearly impossible to evaluate in set terms. They include as much of the private assets of the citizens as the citizens will let the soverign take, and that is not an absolute and constant amount. In somewhat the same way, the debt of our government is a vaguer measure than we sometimes feel. It is a debt against everyone living in the country, but again, that debt is good (and emotionally burdensome) only to the degree the preponderant power of the citizenry is willing to accept. The New York *Post* has pointed out that in 1919 Americans accepted a per capita net federal debt of $242.57 and considered it unpatriotic and unsporting to complain. In January, 1938, the per capita net debt stood at $213.04 and a large portion of the population would evidently consider it unpatriotic not to complain as strenuously as possible. National debt and assets are most relevant to consideration of human relief and business stimulation. No one can argue against giving relief to the needy unemployed.

Spending for What?

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The more searching question is how can and should relief be correlated to business stimulation. Immediately we meet almost insuperable bookkeeping obstacles. The waves produced by public work expenditure have never been satisfactorily traced to the ultimate private shore. Accounting cannot yet tell us the true difference in the price the government pays for keeping men on a dole or at work relief or on major public construction. Whether to classify as an asset a public project that is nice but requires upkeep is not settled.

JOHN L. LEWIS'S plea that the government stop "wishful thinking" and provide a "realistic and well-planned" program must be echoed by his worst enemies as well as his friends. How much shall the government spend in the program? It should spend enough to care more adequately than at present for the unemployed, and as much more than is needed for that, as can be shown to benefit our productive economy. Economists believe that in present circumstances federal borrowing in general and per unit of time would be deflationary rather than "stimulating" after a certain point. If that point can really be fixed to expert and public satisfaction, it should not be passed. Something else would have to be done if found necessary. One of the most difficult problems in spending and saving is, of course, psychological. Just as the Reorganization Bill became a symbol quite unattached from its legal reality, so "pump priming" may be a depressing symbol to business men and customers. The number of business transactions, or turnover, is directly influenced by psychological considerations based on symbols. For prosperity, business men must not feel that public spending is a means for disciplining them. Business men might consider the fact that all "stimulation"—all inflation—is not radical, and that deflation can be the very opposite of conservative. Deflation that means cutting down the living of unemployed families indecently, or letting the physical heritage of the country waste away, ought to be condemned outright. Pump priming that might furnish constructive work—not a dole—and conserves and builds up the country's assets ought to be examined with full sympathy. Critics should have to show how such expenditure and relief harms business enterprise, and then why it isn't worth it.

Navy Second to None

WITH all the flurry over the Reorganization Bill and the government's latest recovery drive the impending passage of the new naval program bill, which has grown by $140,000,000 to $1,260,000,000 on its way to enactment by the Senate, has attracted little notice. The testimony of various navy "experts" before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee has carried weight, while the protestations of the colorful Major General Smedley Butler, who told of fifteen years misspent in "guarding Standard Oil tins," and other representatives of peace organizations had little if any effect. Not much was heard from the technicians who maintain that the best means of defending the United States from any conceivable foe—a possibility which seems highly unlikely—is through numerous small vessels. Aside from all the lobbyists who have been pressing this vast program of naval expansion, the support of so large a majority of senators and congressmen would be impossible without the conviction that it met with national favor. Many Americans think in a vague sort of a way of the employment and materials involved in such expansion without considering the higher upkeep that will be foisted on the taxpayer. The allocation of a similar sum to housing, on the contrary, would result in even heavier and more stable employment and would curtail the huge annual expenditure caused by crime, ill health and other effects of inhuman living conditions. But most Americans think of a navy second to none (a term not yet satisfactorily defined) as insurance for our isolationist foreign policy, despite the fact that many of the proposed vessels must in all honesty be regarded as weapons for distant waters rather than the defense of our shores. And by stepping up the world armament race we are bringing that much nearer the holocaust which is the logical and hitherto inevitable outcome of such preparations.

The Outlook for Japan

WHILE it might be wishful thinking on the part of American sympathizers to ascribe to the Chinese an altogether decisive victory in South Shantung, it appears true that the Nipponese forces have met with severe reverses there. One of the surest indications is the absence of Japanese reports on the fighting, except for denials of the Chinese claims. The failure to capture the Lunghai railroad after two or three months of costly engagements is far more damaging to the Japanese cause than any temporary victory of the Chinese troops, who are far more skilled in guerilla defensive tactics. Another factor indicating the weakening of Japan is the increase in rumors of aggressiveness on the part of the Soviet Union. A number of observers have expected that ultimately Japan would hopelessly bog down before the vast numbers and extended territories of the Chinese. The break-up of Tokyo's economy has often been predicted and signs of increasing strain are now evident Nathaniel Peffer writes in the *New Republic* of the threat of immediate inflation as the only feasible means of financing further military operations. Foreign trade dropped badly in the first

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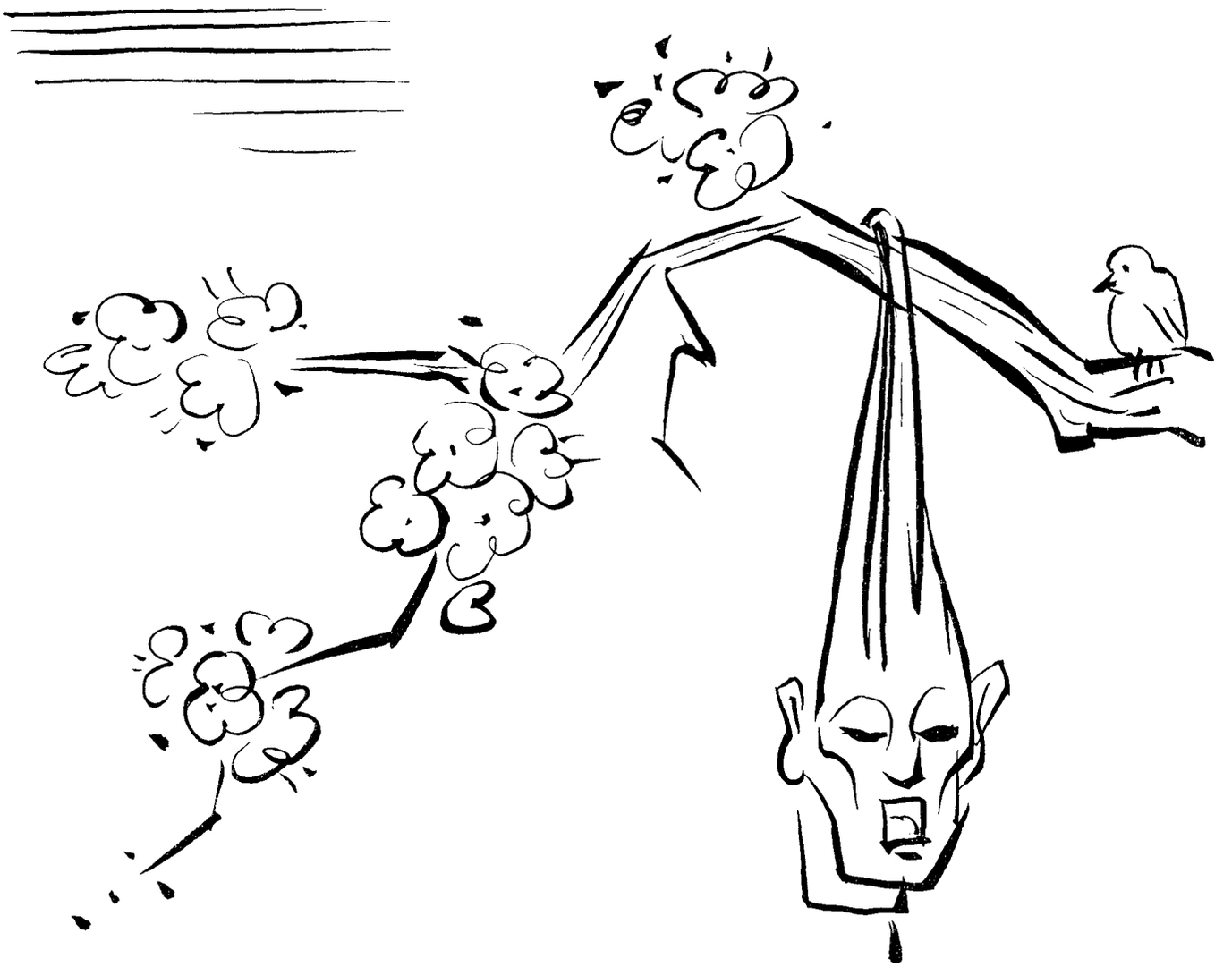
IN CHINA



JAPANESE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

weeks of 1938 and the prices of consumers goods are expected to become prohibitive. Mr. Peffer believes that the Japanese having set out to conquer China cannot now withdraw. What started out as an easy campaign of conquest now threatens to end in national disaster—the first check to militaristic adventuring in recent years anywhere in the world.

Medical Middle Ground

THE LAYMAN need not apologize for speaking out when doctors disagree, as they do at present. For the layman, after all, is the final object of their disagreement. A cleavage has declared itself in the profession, and seems to be deepening with every opportunity for public expression on the part of medical groups. The bad economics of the prevailing arrangement, with the increase, on the one hand, of free clinics and, on the other, of medical fees among paying patients; the inability of growing numbers between these two classes to obtain adequate medical care; the failure of many able physicians to make more than a bare living—on these things there has been agreement for years. It is in the broaching of remedies that physicians become, if we may say so, no longer physicians, but rather temperaments—ranging all the way from the ultra-conservative who advocate laissez-faire to the almost inhumanly sanguine who make an out-and-out bid for complete government support. This last plea was voiced at the recent convention of the American College of Physicians by Professor John P. Peters, and generally reinforced by the tone of several other speakers. We would urge these reformers to make haste slowly. The dangers of government control are still there, however brilliantly such spokesmen may try to

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exorcise them. The middle ground, of voluntary medical insurance, cooperative medicine and group practice, except for those absolutely requiring free service, remains to be explored before the most desperate and statist remedy of all is invoked. It will involve a great deal of trial and error, but we believe it will be amply worth it.

Character Training in Education

IT WAS in 1932 or 1933 that rumors first began to be heard in academic circles of the horrid heresy which was being formulated by Mr. Robert M. Hutchins, the youthful and recently appointed president of the University of Chicago. It was whispered that Mr. Hutchins believed in a return to the classics, in the value of a liberal education conceived as an intellectual training in the line of our western culture rather than in education "for citizenship" or the scattered accumulation of miscellaneous knowledge which comes from a system of free electives. To many these rumors were disquieting, but their disquiet was as nothing compared to the awful shock caused by Mr. Hutchins's invasion of the sacred precincts of one of the three older Eastern universities, when he gave three lectures at Yale in 1936 which brought his heresy fully into the open. Toward the end of last year the *Saturday Evening Post* opened its columns to the young Chicago president for a series of four articles, which made very clear indeed his conviction that the function of education is to train the mind and to equip it with a knowledge of the formative literature of our western culture and that everything else is either entirely secondary or lies in the province of technical training. What Mr. Hutchins said appealed to a large public which for the best part of two decades had had no adequate champion. But one aspect of his ideas alarmed some of those who in all other things were most sympathetic. "Still another thing the schools cannot be expected to do," said Mr. Hutchins (*Saturday Evening Post,* December 25, 1937), "is to build character, except indirectly. . . ." "Character has no place in the program of education. College develops character by giving young people the habits of hard work and honest analysis. If it tries to teach character directly, it succeeds only in being boring" (*Saturday Evening Post,* January 22, 1938). In spite of qualifications in the articles, many friendly critics were troubled about this attitude. We therefore feel it a particularly happy circumstance that THE COMMONWEAL should, in this Education Number, have the privilege of presenting to our readers an extended treatment by Mr. Hutchins of the relation he conceives to exist between character and education. Miss Blanche Jennings Thompson's article on the current abuse of our mother tongue would seem to indicate the importance of many of Mr. Hutchins's broader generalizations. One aspect of the administration of summer camps, a department of the educative process where character can and should be of primary concern, is dealt with by Mr. George Denniston, who has been associated with Catholic camping activities for more than fifteen years. And, finally, Father McAllister describes the older tradition of Catholic education as it at present is practised in one Benedictine monastery, the method of example rather than rigorous precept.

Sitzmark on Arlberg

By ARNOLD LUNN

NO CONSIDERATIONS, sentimental or economic, deflect the Nazis from their primary object, the annihilation of all opponents. If they were sensitive to public opinion they would never have arrested Niemoller, and if they could be influenced by economic considerations they would never have imprisoned Hannes Schneider, the world's most famous skier and the creator of the most famous of all ski-ing schools.

Schneider is the magnet which has drawn thousands of British, American, French and Italian skiers to the Arlberg. Teachers trained in his school have inaugurated branches in America, France and Japan. Austria would not be a dangerous rival to Switzerland if its claims were based exclusively on physical and impersonal assets. The limestone ranges of Austria must necessarily seem a little tame to the connoisseur who remembers the north wall of the Oberland, or the Matterhorn, or the Mont Blanc range. Austria has many ski-ing centers but nothing better than the Oberland, the Parsenn district or Sestrieres.

The real asset of Austria, unlike her mountains, are of a kind that the Nazis have it in their power to destroy. By their attitude to Schneider they have ruined a ski school which drew thousands of skiers from all parts of the world. By their regimentation they are attempting to eradicate that peculiar Austrian charm which the Prussian has always heartily despised. The Austrian culture and way of life result from a happy marriage of the true Germanic and Latin traditions, both of which are distateful to the neo-Germans of the Nazi régime.

"The situation is serious but not hopeless," says the typical Prussian. "The situation is hopeless but not serious," says the typical Austrian; and this happy-go-lucky care-free attitude, though it does not make for efficiency, is an economic asset in so far as it helps to attract the kind of traveler who prefers charm to efficiency.

Many years ago when ski championships were all decided on the Scandinavian type of event, cross-country races and jumping, I inaugurated a

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campaign for the international recognition of the true Alpine type of downhill race and enlisted Schneider's support. I founded with his help the Arlberg Kandahar which is older than and scarcely less important than the world championship. Our racers always enjoyed this event because it is one of the few big events which was uninfected by political domination. Schneider was as determined as I was to keep politics out of ski-ing. He turned out the Nazi agents from his ski school, and it is one of these expelled teachers who today presides over the school which he founded.

Because he is a great gentleman, he refused to dismiss a Jew from the organizing side of the school, for this Jew, in the days when he was a wealthy man, had given £1,000 to the German Ski Association and had rendered other great services to the sport. Anti-Semitism was rife in Austria for many years, and the fact that Schneider was neither anti-Semite nor anti-clerical has contributed to his downfall. He is a devout Catholic and has always made it clear that he expected his teachers to assist at Mass on Sundays. Schneider was arrested a week before the advertised date of the Arlberg Kandahar. I heard of his arrest in Rome, and started at once for St. Anton.

The new Austria met me on the Brenner. A German who had protested in my carriage against being made to pay the difference between third and second class fare, alleged that the third was overcrowded, which it was not. When the Austrian ticket collector was courteous but firm, the German said, "That man will soon learn that the new Austria is German. I shall report him to the Nazi quarters. He is probably a secret Communist."

At Innsbruck I attended an open-air meeting. The crowd listened without enthusiasm to the routine rhetoric and stayed on for a free open air film show. *Jugend* (Youth) in the guise of a little girl making the Nazi salute appeared against a background of flowers. The next film revealed the activities which are being prepared for *Jugend*. Machine guns barked, tanks thundered and guns roared. The crowd looked thoughtful.

The palace recalled an old memory. President Miklas, who resigned when the Germans entered Austria, was presiding over a tea party to the world ski championship committee. Suddenly the President rose from his seat and we all stood up as the head of the Austrian State left the room. We were perplexed by his abrupt departure. I could see him through the open door dash down the corridor, halt a retreating waiter, take from him a box of cigars the waiter was carrying and return in triumph to his seat. We all sat down again.

I traveled with him from Seefeld to Innsbruck. Nobody could have been simpler or less formal. The Nazis said that he had been elected President as the only way of providing for his vast family of twelve. He was an enthusiastic student of Thomist philosophy and talked with great knowledge on the possibility of applying Thomistic principles to the social problems of his own country.

On arriving in St. Anton I summoned the British and American members of the Kandahar who agreed to cancel the race. This decision surprised and annoyed the Nazi who had taken Schneider's place. He had the audacity to tell me that I ought not to mix up politics and sport. I asked him if Schneider was in prison because he skied badly. St. Anton was a tragic village. Its inhabitants had been, for the most part anti-Nazi, and it was sad to see their sheepish Nazi salutes and even sadder to hear them attempting to murmur "Heil Hitler." There is a dignity in the procession of wounded returning from the front but there is no dignity associated with the wounds which terrorism inflicts on the soul.

We were detained for three hours at Feldkirch while the train was searched for smuggled money and *valuta*. An official who interrogated me drew my attention to the fact that jewelry had been found in the paper in a certain portion of the train.

"Have you seen anything of this?" he asked. A curiously inept question for I am not in the habit of sharing that part of the train with other travelers.

"Even if I had seen anything I wouldn't have reported it."

As this reply was not provided for in the regulations, he looked perplexed and repeated in a slow, puzzled voice, "Even if you had seen smuggling you would not have reported it? *Warum nicht?*"

"Because I'm a skier and not a police agent."

When the train crossed the frontier into Switzerland we felt as if we were emerging from prison into freedom. "Many of these foolish Austrian Nazis," an Austrian whom I met in Switzerland remarked, "came to me just before I left, weeping. 'We did not know. We thought that we were bringing a new Nazi Austria into being that would make trade treaties with Germany. We did not know that we were working for the destruction of our country.' "

In the weeks after the war I wrote and spoke in favor of a just peace at a time when it is by no means as fashionable as it is today to denounce the Versailles Treaty. Many of those who are today loudest in denouncing the Nazis were responsible for the very conditions which rendered inevitable the triumph of Nazi principles. We refused justice to the Germany which was governed by moderate and liberal-minded men and are paying today for the crime of a treaty which was a violation of the terms of the armistice under which the Germans laid down their arms.

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The University and Character

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

THE OBJECT of education is the production of virtue; for virtue is that which makes a man good and his work good, too. As virtue makes a man and his work good, so also it makes him happy, for happiness is activity in accordance with virtue. As virtue makes a man good and makes him happy, so also it makes him a good citizen, and this is the aim of general or liberal education. The four cardinal virtues are justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, and one description of them is that they are social virtues, the virtues that good living in society requires.

The virtues are habits, and are acquired, like other habits, by doing certain acts. A man becomes just by doing just acts, temperate by being temperate, and brave by acting bravely. One cannot become good merely by listening to lectures on moral philosophy, any more than one can become a famous violin player or tennis champion by reading textbooks. The beginnings of those habits which are the moral virtues are found in the training received in childhood. It is unlikely that a college student can acquire them for the first time in college; for when he has reached that age he has already committed so many acts that his habits, good and bad, are formed. College teaching will not alone suffice to mold the moral character, and college life is not certain to affect it, because of the degree to which it has solidified.

Nevertheless, habits may be lost, corrupted or diminished. The violin player who stops playing and the tennis champion who stops practising will soon fall from their lofty eminence. And though the moral virtues are among the most durable of all goods, they, like other habits, may be lost, and for the same reasons. Thus an educational institution will wish to confirm and support the moral virtues of its students and modify their vices. As we have seen, instruction in how to be good is not likely to be effective. The students must act, and act in such a way as to strengthen their virtues and weaken their vices.

In this effort at some level of education, instruction in moral philosophy has a part to play. If the habits formed through training in childhood are to survive, they must be sustained by reason. All education swings around the ancient dictum that man is a rational animal. He may be trained in infancy as animals are trained. But as he becomes a man his reason must understand and approve his actions; for in the order of human powers reason rules.

It is here that we see the connection between the moral and the intellectual virtues. As the object of the moral virtues is the good, so the object of the intellectual virtues is the truth. The moral virtues depend upon prudence, which is practical wisdom. If a man is to do good actions, he must do them from choice and not from impulse or by accident. Correct choice depends on the deterination of the right end and of the right means of obtaining it. Through the moral virtues our desires and appetites are perfected so that we select the proper ends. But counsel and choice, through which we select the means to the ends, are acts of the reason. Hence an intellectual virtue, prudence, is required to give us the right habits of counsel, choice and judgment. Prudence in turn depends upon the intellectual virtue called understanding, which is the habit of grasping principles; for there are principles of action as well as principles of theoretical knowledge. And understanding depends upon the intellectual virtue called wisdom, which is the habit of grasping first principles and first causes upon which universal judgments are based. Hence the moral and intellectual virtues are interdependent. It is impossible to be good without being wise.

But it is also impossible to be wise without being good. You cannot be truly wise unless you have good ends in view. The intellectual virtues are not enough; they must be supported by the moral virtues. Science can be used for evil as well as good. There is an appearance of prudence in the scheming of a thief. But true prudence, prudence the intellectual virtue, directs a man neither to worldly success nor dishonest gain.

The great and specific contribution that a college or university can make to the development of virtue is in supplying the rational basis for it, that is, in developing the intellectual virtues. Wisdom, science and understanding, the three speculative virtues, and prudence, the good habit of the practical intellect, must be the focus of a university's educational endeavor. They are the intellectual foundation of moral conduct. They are the aim of all intellectual effort. They are the criterion of teaching and research. The test of a good course is not whether it is amusing or informational or seems to contribute to financial success, any more than the test of a good research project is whether it is expensive and elaborate and produces large literary poundage. The real test of instruction or research is whether it has high intellectual content and demands intellectual effort. Otherwise it has no place in a university, for it cannot assist in forming those habits which a university education is designed to foster.

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All this is clear enough in the case of the activities of teachers and scholars and in their education and that of professional men. Teachers and scholars must work upon subjects that have intellectual content, and a profession that has no intellectual content is not a profession with which a university can concern itself, no matter how important it may seem, or how prosperous and influential its members may be. But suppose we say that a college or university wants to graduate happy men and women, or that it wants to produce good citizens. The case is the same: it is the institution's duty, without ignoring the moral virtues, and indeed partly for their sake, to concentrate upon the intellectual virtues.

The difficulty about happiness is the trouble we have in understanding what it is. Dr. Johnson said that true happiness consisted in driving at top speed in a post chaise. If this were so, we should all be happy now, because the most decrepit automobile can surpass Dr. Johnson's fondest dreams. In this country we have a special tendency to confuse happiness with external and bodily goods. The same confusion, naturally enough, permeates the educational system. We are likely to think that a university's first duty is to build up the physique and the economic prospects of its students.

Now the rôle of external and bodily goods in happiness cannot be minimized. To have happiness in this life one must live, and living requires food, shelter and health. Food and shelter require money; and health may require money and is said to require exercise. But we must remember the words of Saint Augustine, "When we come across anything that is not common to us and the beasts of the field, it is something appertaining to the mind." Even a vegetable lives, and may, for a vegetable, live well. But we should hardly care to be happy in any sense in which a turnip could be happy. External and bodily goods are goods, and indispensable ones. But we want them not for their own sake but for the sake of the highest operations we can perform, the moral and intellectual virtues. Activity in accordance with these is happiness.

If we turn to the production of good citizens, we see that democracy rests on the assumption that the citizens will be intelligent. This means that their education must assist them in learning how to think and get them into the habit of doing it. Their intellects must be disciplined. They must know how to read, to listen, to write, and to speak. They must have standards of judging thinking, including their own. They must know the difference between honest thinking and sophistry and between reasoning and rationalization. Only by disciplines that teach them these differences can they hope to resist the demagogue and the propagandist.

They must understand, too, the nature of man and the nature of political society, for otherwise they will not be good men or good members of a political society. They must be good and wise in respect to their own ends and in their relations with other men. If they are, they will understand that the good life can be led only in a political society, and that such a society is an organization designed to promote the common good. The common good is that condition of peace, order, and economic sufficiency which provides happiness for all to the degree to which they can participate in it. Happiness is activity in accordance with the moral and intellectual virtues, that is, good moral and intellectual habits.

The principal object of the State is, therefore, to promote good moral and intellectual habits in the population. Its principal object is not to foster the acquisition of riches, or to protect property, or to inflate the national ego. Nor can the intelligent citizen believe that the State is an end in itself. The totalitarian State represents a failure of intelligence, its abandonment as an instrument of political action, and the substitution for it of force and mythology. Fascism arises through the weakness or absence of the intellectual virtues. It is possible only in the context of the disorganization of analysis and the disruption of the intellectual tradition and intellectual discipline through the pressure of immediate practical concerns. A democracy cannot afford to ignore this lesson.

The economic and social injustice of our times results from the weakness or absence of the moral and intellectual virtues, which, as we have seen, are interdependent. Economic and social injustice does not result from lack of information, lack of natural resources, or any failure of technology. We are plentifully supplied with all three. No, the principal issue of our day is a moral and intellectual one. The great problems of labor, capital, the Constitution, the judiciary, communism, fascism, war and peace revolve around fundamental questions which every student ought to face intelligently, questions affecting the ends of economic activity, of organized society, and of human life.

Yet it is possible to graduate from many colleges and universities without being compelled to face such questions and without the disciplines which would be needed to face them intelligently. Higher education must share the blame for the condition in which we find ourselves. If the aim of education is the production of virtue; if the special province of higher education is the intellectual virtues; if teaching, scholarship, professional education, happiness and good citizenship depend on these virtues, then the direction which higher education in America must take is clear. It must labor to refine, develop and transmit the wisdom of the race and to perfect the highest powers of mankind.

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This Guy, Angelo Saxon

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON

IT WAS a disgusted scion of one of the Latin races that asked his astonished teacher, "Who was this guy, Angelo Saxon anyway?" His was the voice of many, alas, for like Wordsworth's Lucy, the glorious Anglo-Saxon tongue in these unregenerate days has none to praise and very few to love. That is a bitter line in Edna St. Vincent Millay's last book: "Watch the great words go down." A helpless few are watching sadly the destruction of a language built by mighty men—the Venerable Bede, Alfred the Great, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton—architects, artists, artificers in words, lovers of beauty, pastmasters of precision who, merging strength and delicacy, raised a structure as glorious as a Gothic cathedral. What is happening now in our own country is not the slow, reasonable change wrought by time, but something akin to the swift and wanton destruction of a beautiful old building.

Ours is a polyglot nation; our growth is superficial, our roots in other soil. English is frequently a language superimposed upon a substructure of another, totally different in grammar and idiomatic usage. We cannot appeal to a patriotic pride in speaking or writing the mother tongue because for large numbers of our school children it is not the mother tongue. We cannot depend upon wide reading to produce that flexibility and exactness which spring from constant pleasurable association with the recorded thoughts of great minds because the average young person who reads at all, having little leisure and less appreciation of the nuances of language, is inclined to the hasty perusal of pictorials and digests, the latter of which, while frequently miracles of précis writing, are rarely models of English prose. We cannot depend upon example because the destructive influences of radio, screen and press work infinitely faster than telic forces can build.

Just as recently and almost simultaneously all over the country, educators came to the conclusion that persistent failure of pupils at various levels seemed traceable to inability to read, so now many voices are suddenly and insistently raised to warn us that the English language is undergoing a rapid and disturbing metamorphosis and to enlist our active resistance to the destructive forces. There has been sharp criticism of the unlovely speech patterns offered by radio and screen. It has been discovered that candidates for teaching positions in secondary schools often give evidence of shocking vocabulary deficiencies and that the possession of a Master's degree does not always guarantee a fluent use of the language. Now Stuart Chase with the "Tyranny of Words" will no doubt make Middletown and environs vocabulary-conscious, since he is always a favorite of the study clubs and book reviewers. Perhaps this is the time to add an item or two of clarifying comment.

Swift progress in the mechanics of screen and radio entertainment has made people astonishingly dependent upon these mediums for surcease from the business of life. Our inner resources are little developed; we are unquiet, ever seeking diversion, constantly demanding novelty and rapid change. It is superfluous to say that only a small number of those who plan and produce our entertainment feel any responsibility for its language aspects. It is idle to suppose that even a small proportion of the thousands who swarm across the screen or stand before the microphone care for anything beyond their brief moment of personal glory. It *is* a little surprising that considering the really extraordinary mechanical achievements in recording sight and sound, so little progress has been made in the speech arts. Slovenly enunciation, incorrect pronunciation, and shallow, insincere characterization are common, the last named being more fairly imputed to the radio, perhaps, than to the screen. Being more restricted, radio drama has developed types as ridiculous as those of the old-fashioned melodrama. Anyone over fifty must speak in a weak, quavering voice, all rural characters must talk through their noses, the heroine must use a throaty tremulo, and the children must all have a faint Bronx accent.

The young people who listen constantly to the swift succession of radio programs even while they are ostensibly studying, are subjected to a kaleidoscopic exhibition of mediocrity or worse. They hear the unctuous voice of an announcer introducing another nonentity who has come out of the everywhere into the here and in six months or less will be back in the nowhere. There is a blare of trumpets, a "coast-to-coast" ballyhoo and the singer presents his or her own "personalized" version of a current monstrosity or a wierd distortion of a beautiful old melody, tortured out of all resemblance to its dignified simplicity in order that some apostle of mediocrity may inflate his own ego. Then the paid applause pays tribute, the announcer croons, "Thank you, thank you, Betty. That was ve-ry, ve-ry lovely. Ladies and gentlemen, you have just listened to . . ." and the eager and gullible young listeners wish enviously that they too could thrill their thousands from

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coast to coast. It is all the quintessence of the dull, the banal, the ridiculous—and it sounds to the young like lasting fame.

Contrasted with the excitements of radio and screen, to modern young people reading seems rather a dull business. Since they do not read well they do not get much pleasure out of it, and they tend to read pre-digested material or that which makes little demand upon a limited reading vocabulary. Since the reading vocabulary grows only as a result of more reading and the reading of increasingly difficult material, it is easy enough to see the outline of the proverbial vicious circle. To say simply what is frequently said in erudite language, a menacing vocabulary deficiency lies at the root of many of our present evils. Our tendency to accept assertions as facts, our inability to distinguish between offered evidence and actual proof, our ready acceptance of propaganda are all in some measure due to the simple fact that we cannot speak or understand English.

For many a long day educators have been trying desperately to find some system by which to make reasonably skilful readers out of pupils who show inaptitude for the process. We are still in the trial and error phase. The swing away from alphabetical and phonetic analysis may have taken us too far toward the opposite extreme of recognizing words chiefly by contour or in context, both devices fostering inaccuracy. One may comment, in passing, that a judicious blending of methods is perhaps safest.

Let us consider a few examples of word confusion. It will be observed that in a great many cases the words confused are nearly the same length, begin and end with the same letters, and have the same general appearance. A decided lack of analytical power is evident. The sentences given were not written by children, but by persons of secondary school level and beyond. Take first the word "hassock," usually meaning a common article of furniture.

A hassock is a garment worn by the clergy.

The sailor lay in his hassock.

Hassock is the name given to the Russian cavalryman.

The second baseman slid into the hassock.

It will be observed that the words intended, in their proper order are: cassock, hammock, and Cossack. The last sentence is especially interesting showing as it does how the young people who read the inspired columns of the sports writers take the particular for the general and acquire limited and inaccurate concepts from the columnist's analogies. The player slid for the base; ergo, a hassock is a base. Having frequently heard the sports coach called a mentor, they believe that a mentor is a coach and so on.

Hari-kari, the common though incorrect form of hara-kiri or Japanese military suicide, would seem to be a fairly familiar concept, but read these astonishing sentences:

The people scattered, hari-kari. (helter-skelter)

They saw the hari-kari dancers. (hula-hula)

Hari-kari is a drug. (agar-agar, perhaps?)

They lived a sort of hari-kari existence. (harum-scarum)

The people were members of the Hari-kari tribe. (Bali Bali)

The hari-kari and noise of the carnival was confusing. (hurly-burly)

Examples like the following are superficially amusing, it is true, but they are an index to a vast, pervading ignorance. They are not isolated examples, but alarmingly recurrent.

The increment took place in Mt. Hope Cemetery. (interment)

Her increment reply stunned the teacher. (insolent)

The man was indigent because he was snubbed. (indignant)

She was kept indigent of the affair. (ignorant)

The indigent manner of the boy caused his downfall. (insolent)

A parapet is a bird who can talk. (parakeet)

The parapet told us of his death. (prophet)

The floor was covered with a parapet. (parquet)

The tenets would not pay the rent. (tenants)

Martha is a venial, jolly person. (genial)

Do not banter with the merchants. (barter)

Her redolent husband would not work. (indolent)

Skyscrapers are huge edifications. (edifices)

His poem was brought for the edification of the publisher. (editing)

The edification of the statement made it clear. (elucidation)

There was a great crowd at the edification. (dedication)

There was a time when certain of our better magazines and newspapers seemed infallible, but even they have not kept the faith. Proof-reading is passing into the realm of lost arts. In a recent issue of one of our most distinguished book review magazines, there occurred almost on successive pages these expressions: "He was lame on his feet"; "even if you meet them for the first time . . . you will forget them no easier"; "the more amazing were his athletics"; "the unfoldment of the plot"; and "went as champagne to his head." Haven't we a right to expect responsible language patterns from avowed educational agencies?

A beautiful, bronze dedicatory plaque in a great department store quotes Emerson, "An institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man." In the course of one movie program, an Annapolis man talks enthusiastically of "athaletics" and a news commentator, describing a woman blacksmith, calls her a "smithy." (Nine people out of ten seem not to know that the smithy is the shop.) Radio announcers say "accidently" and "inci-

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dently" so frequently that those perversions sound right to most young people, while "gov'ment," "absoolotely," and "looks like it was going to" are so common as to excite no comment whatever. One announcer urges us to buy a certain alkalizing agent for our "stummick"; another assures us that the sedative he is describing will relieve "nooraliga"; and the young man who introduces a great symphony orchestra calls our attention to the "nymphs and satires." One newspaper tells us that "low pressures is the cause" of certain weather conditions; another, commenting on a speaker, says that "his oratory and his gestures is said to have astounded audiences." A book-reviewer warns us that "you'll enjoy the book if you like light fiction, but don't take it serious." A news item reports that "a group of irresponsible children were responsible." A rotogravure picture is captioned, "He had just rose to have his picture taken." So is illiteracy propagated.

Just what can be done about it is a question without an answer just now. Nobody seems to care much, and those who feebly protest are regarded as old-fashioned and reactionary. The fact remains, however, that "this guy, Angelo Saxon" needs some earnest attention if he is to survive. Almost any foreigner who comes to our shores having learned English in his own country speaks it with amazing fluency and precision. If we are not careful, when English becomes the international language, as many confidently predict, the American people will be the only ones who cannot speak it.

Mother and Father and Camp

By GEORGE F. DENNISTON

"I SIMPLY can't understand why this camp permits such conditions to exist. Frank said he did not clean his teeth yesterday and now look at those muddy shoes under his cot—a disgrace! It must have been different here last year because I doubt very much that Mrs. Smith would have recommended this camp if such outrageous mismanagement was evident then." This emphatic declaration comes from a fond and conscientious mother visiting her son's camp for the first time, and is addressed to father as soon as he had returned from a row around the lake with his young son. As mother continues to express her views on additional failings of the camp, her words are received sympathetically or otherwise in direct relation to the attitude of the youngster at the moment. If he is homesick, his mother's words are music to his ears and offer a happy excuse for going home without having to admit homesickness. On the other hand, if the boy is happy and has most enthusiastically told his father all the fine things he feels about camp, the mother's words are received in silence and with the trembling thought that mother might find that wet bathing suit under the pillow.

When the staff assemble that night for the evening meal, it can be assumed that the first remark to be heard will be, "Am I glad visiting day comes only once a week!" The camp director simply nods knowingly and quietly says, "If parents only knew how much better off the boys would be without so much visiting—but I wonder if I were a parent with a child at camp would I act any differently, even though I know better?"

And camp retires for the night earlier than usual after visiting day, mentally and physically exhausted, happy or concerned, depending on its reaction upon the parents.

A camp, whether or not operated for profit, depends on the good-will of parents; parents must depend on the good-will of the camp, because the health and safety of their children is entirely within the control of the camp. There is an urgent need for a better understanding between the camp and the parent. The camp, through its staff, looks directly at a child and often forms a wholly different conception of the child to that of its parent. The parent looks at the camp and from what must be a comparatively meager set of observations judges the camp. This judgment may be influenced by an attitude of the child toward the camp and in most cases does not include the attitude of the camp toward the child. One boy at camp was particularly difficult to handle. He teased the younger boys. He whimpered and cried if annoyed by the older boys and knew little or nothing of how to associate with those of his own age in group activities. This lad for his own welfare had to learn to "take it" as well as "give it." Camp experience was helping him in this direction. The mother of the boy visited camp every week, telephoned every day, and left nothing unsaid in describing how carefully she had protected him from other boys and had taken him with her every place she went. Naturally the counselor had to listen patiently to the mother, but every word she said was superfluous. The counselor knew this boy in a very few days probably better than did his own mother.

Should the camp and parents see everything eye to eye? To answer "Yes" would be to minimize the vagaries of human nature. Such a solution

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would likewise have practical disadvantages, for if camps and parents always agreed, what would help stimulate camps to improve their work? Since camps exist primarily for the physical, mental and recreational training of youngsters, parents naturally desire their children to have this specific advantage. But of course in Catholic camps there are added advantages—protection from the false prophets who would deify nature, and assurance of the performance of religious duties in a wholesome environment as well as under the direct influence of counselors of fine personal character and Christian outlook.

Camping today presents an almost unlimited opportunity for experimentation, not alone in the science of camping; it gives the child an unexcelled opportunity to find himself. Camping as an agency in child training does not possess the resources, personnel or equipment of the more formal school; it does not have the age-old tradition of the home, nor does it have the accumulated wisdom of the Church. Yet camping, if properly conducted and with methods more advanced than those utilized in earlier years, has an opportunity which may in some ways exceed that of the home, school or church. If a child is at camp for a period of ten weeks, as many are, the number of waking hours in camp is equivalent to an entire school year, far exceeds the number of hours in church for all purposes, and is two-thirds of the waking hours spent at home under the influence of parents. Consequently the opportunity as well as the responsibility of a camp is far greater than would at first appear. The camp in its effort to meet this responsibility must deal with the child as it finds it, and not as its parents conceive the child to be.

Parents can help by trying better to understand the problems of camp management. Camps can assist parents by providing better organizations, which will permit efficient routine operation without at the same time detracting from the time and attention which rightfully is due the camper. Camp organizations are more and more reshaping and redefining their views toward their job in order that a camping experience will be one which is distinctly peculiar to camp life, and not a duplication of city activity in a changed environment.

Consider one matter about which parents could be more understanding. No family, even with the assistance of every modern convenience, finds the problem of housekeeping without its day to day difficulties and disappointments. Mother has kept house for fifteen years and everyone agrees that mother is an excellent housekeeper. Does mother no longer have any problems, no longer fret about the delays of the tailor in returning father's clothes? Is mother always satisfied with the storekeepers and does mother always allow herself the convenience of shopping in just one department store? No, I don't think mother after fifteen years, day in and day out, would feel that she has solved all the problems of operating a very small household. I wonder if mother remembers when she visits camp that here also is a problem in housekeeping but many times greater, and that in addition there are not available all the modern conveniences of the city.

One day at camp a very articulate mother stalked into the camp office and before many other parents in a high-pitched voice expounded on the terrible oversight of the camp—there was no clean linen on her boy's bed. All summer the camp director had tried laundry after laundry in the hope of finding one which would give prompt service. Summer hotels, other camps, and visitors at boarding-houses had swelled the laundry business far beyond the capacity of the available laundries. All week, day and night, every effort had been made to get the clean linen back, especially before visiting day! On Saturday night when the director should have been attending the weekly camp show he was at the laundry trying to get at least a little clean linen. The laundry agreed to work Sunday and return the camp supply Monday. In the meantime several parents, hearing the complaint, followed the lead of the more vociferous mother, inspected beds and returned to the office as a delegation insisting on clean linen at once. The camp that day unfortunately was judged on the basis of missing bed sheets.

One summer a wreck occurred near camp and a fuel oil tank overturned so that fuel oil seeped down into a stream which fed the camp lake. This resulted in an oily film on the lake surface, which would continue for several days until the natural overflow of the lake cleared it out. In the meantime swimming was prohibited in the camp lake and the boys were taken to another lake at considerable trouble and expense. No one objected because overcoming difficulties is part of camp tradition. Unfortunately the prohibition was in force over a visiting day. It may be hard to believe, but on visiting day we heard stories to the effect that there was a subterranean oil deposit which was contaminating our source of water supply and that it would be months before this could be eliminated. Innumerable questions were answered regarding this phenomenon. Parents suggested the advisability of taking their youngsters home. In turn these suggestions were met with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. The boys were having a good time and the parents went away empty handed, but many cast a sidelong look at the lake as they passed on their way home. That evening everyone went about his work as usual, wondering what the trouble would be next Sunday.

And it happened next Sunday—it never fails to happen but no one can ever foresee how it will

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happen. The parents of one camper arrived early with a carload of friends and with a large lunch basket. They appropriated a cozy nook in the rear of the canteen. The youngster was granted permission to lunch with them. Later that day the canteen was in a blaze. "No smoking" signs were profusely posted about camp, but investigation disclosed that one of the visitors had dropped a lighted cigarette which spelled doom for the canteen and its contents. When the alarm was sounded all helped, including the male visitors. Naturally before the parents left that day, we were besieged with questions about the possibility of a fire at camp. Despite the fact that a visitor had caused this fire and it was the first fire we had ever had at camp, it was difficult to allay the fears which had been aroused.

In almost all cases the complaints of parents relating to physical conditions are founded on facts. The individual complaints are not serious usually, but they do indicate that the valiant efforts which are made to remove the causes for even minor complaints are entirely overlooked. Yet this everlasting checking up of parents is an asset to camping, for it provides a check which would not otherwise exist and keeps the camp staff mindful of the serious aspects of their job.

Because there is a constant turn-over in personnel summer after summer, both among the counselors and in the utility staff, the director has far more to do at any camp than any one man can do efficiently. The camp director may be experienced, he may know camping techniques, he may know the camp plant down to the last pipe line. Yet when he gets up in the morning he is met with the news that the stove is out of commission, or that the truck is stuck down the road. Just as he is going out to inspect camp the chef wants to consult with him about the menu; he plans to see how the morning program is proceeding, and in walks the local health officer to inspect and test the drinking water. Just as the director prepares to make the evening announcements in the dining hall he is summoned to the infirmary. And so the day slips away. Innumerable problems remain, but over and above all else he asks himself whether anything has been done to improve the operation of the camp as it relates to the camp's primary function. The camp must be safe and operate efficiently, but the sole objective of the camp is the youngster. When there are more experienced directors available, at least enough for every camp to have one, and then when there are enough so every camp may have two each, then and only then will the physical side—the housekeeping side—be given adequate attention, and this without detriment to the boy's side.

And when both aspects of the operation of a camp can be successfully dealt with through sufficient and competent personnel, then camps might each add to their staffs a born diplomat, who will act as public relations counsellor between parents and camp administration, so that eventually parent and camp may truly combine forces for their great mutual interest, the education and recreation of the child.

You Ask My Age

I am older than dawn
And sunset are.
I can think past the light
Of the oldest star.

The piled-up mountains
And ancient trees,
Timeless rivers
And ageless seas;

East and west winds,
South and north:
I know the hour
That brought them forth.

How old am I?
As days are told,
The earth is younger
Than I am old.

Years cannot measure
Time for me.
Fetch us the clock
Of infinity.

This is the answer
If you would know;
From life I come;
To life I go.

Wherefore I am
More gladly young
Than a child not born,
Than a song not sung;

More young than the spring
Before its birth,
Than the dreaming life
In the dreaming earth;

More young than the hosts
Of seraphim
Who sing, "Hosanna,
Elohim."

Older I am
Than any star
And younger than
The angels are.

SISTER M. MADELEVA.

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Solesmes and Semester Hours

By JOSEPH B. McALLISTER

SOME people go to the famous Benedictine Abbey of St. Pierre de Solesmes expecting it to be something like an American plain chant summer school. After long travel and high expectation they land in this sunny country village along the Sarthe River, some six hours south of Paris—and there is no school. After all their trouble and expense, and somewhat chagrined, they find simply a monastery.

Solesmes is today what Dom Guéranger in the nineteenth century intended it to be, and what its founder, Geoffrey, Seigneur of Sablé, in the eleventh century hoped it would be, a monastery, a place of prayer, a retreat where men withdrawn from the world and its usual activities devote themselves for a large part of the day to the praise of God in the sung prayers of the Church. The medium they use is Gregorian chant, or, if you prefer, plain song. And the way they have contrived to do it, chiefly under the influence and enthusiasm, the research and genius of the late and beloved Dom Mocquereau, has made Solesmes a name known throughout the world.

Famous as the abbey is for chant, one does not get the impression that the beginning and the end of its monastic activity is plain song. It astonishes many visitors to know that the attention given to Gregorian chant, in the way of preparation, is very small. One rehearsal a week for the community, and perhaps a little more for the Schola. That is all. Sometimes even this is cut down. A few of the monks are especially devoted to research and to editing Solesmes chant publications, but the rest of the community go about their various duties. Some are interested in theology and philosophy, Scripture or history: each has his special work, to which he devotes himself when he is not in chapel performing his *Sacrificium Laudis*.

The chapel must explain the penetrating sublimity of the chant at Solesmes, since we cannot appeal to arduous extended courses of instruction. When a young man applies for admittance he is not asked whether he has an extraordinary voice nor must he demonstrate an exceptional ability in plain chant. No more is asked of him than of any man wanting to be a Benedictine monk. He takes his place in the choir and perhaps in the beginning simply listens to the other monks. Gradually, as day follows day, and week follows week, and month succeeds month, and years mount upon years, these melodies so often repeated become part of him. By that time he is an established member of the community and his place as the tyro has been taken many times over, by others.

When one goes to Solesmes he goes chiefly to listen. He must not expect formal courses, teachers, semester hours, credits. He is in a monastery guiltless of any effort to satisfy current American craving for scholastic trappings. Yet in a real sense Solesmes is a school, if one goes there humbly to attend, to observe, to absorb the spirit and understand the message and grasp the technique. At Mass and during the singing of the Divine Office, at processions and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament he hears the liturgical prayers sung as the Church intends that they be sung. His ear enjoys the melody while his intelligence catches the significance of the text, as it takes wings on the smooth pulsating Solesmes rhythm. He may not marvel at the tone. That it is not faultless should astonish him in no way. The monks simply use the voice they have as best they can, without trying, as far as I know, to cultivate a better. The visitor will see ceremonies perfectly performed by men whose every gesture bespeaks the fact that they understand what they are about. External worship with them is a virile declaration of deep-rooted comprehended personal interior devotion.

After the Solemn Mass, which occurs every day, gentlemen visitors may attend what might be called a round-table discussion or perhaps a seminar. A gate leads from the cobblestone courtyard through a massive stone wall into the monastery garden, with formal paths of gravel, bordering of flowers, large grass plots and trees. To the right flows the Sarthe, to the left are low buildings, used as the book bindery. The brief path leads underneath welcome shade to another building. A little circular staircase climbs up to the second story. There the men gather informally. The assemblage may comprise clerics, priests and even a monsignor. Occasionally a bishop is present. There will be young boys, seminarians from Paris or some provincial seminary. Americans are often seen, as also Swiss and once in a while a German or an Austrian. However the group is seldom very large, usually numbering not more than ten or twelve on a summer morning.

At the head of a long, simply constructed table, which is covered with a red checked cloth, sits Dom Joseph Gajard, who is in charge of the chant at Solesmes. He is robust, suggesting to Americans a likeness of Notre Dame's lamented Knute Rockne. The discussion usually begins by Dom Gajard asking if there are any questions. Generally there are. Or someone may propose a difficulty or objection. Taking this as his cue Dom Gajard may deliver an impromptu lecture, bring-

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ing in related topics. Or he may take up for detailed study some portion of a *Kyrie,* and spend several periods studying and singing it, for Dom Gajard is no mere theorist. He insists on singing and on correct singing. If a group comes to Solesmes for a few days visit, there may be a rather progressive discussion. But even so, it will be centered about some tiny bit of chant. Learn that well, know the principles involved there, and the *Liber Usualis* is yours for the labor. This seems to be the underlying rationale of Dom Gajard's method.

Arguments occur, especially when there are some present who belong to schools of chant other than Solesmes. On these occasions French flies in quick flutters, to the bewilderment of those who have not too much of it. *Ictus* and *salicus* and *pressus* are generally the points of discussion. But sometimes the argument plunges to metaphysical depths. Opposed views on the nature of rhythm, for instance, can be counted on to rouse ardent debate. Striking indeed is Dom Gajard's breadth of view and willingness to listen, even when objectors' conduct borders on effrontery. Why these people insist on coming to Solesmes to launch their attacks on its scholarship and technique has always puzzled me.

Serious discussion and work prevail, but sometimes there is a lighter touch. Thus one morning a rustic abbé appeared with his choir boys. After Mass we trooped up to the room, the boys moving as though in a land of great mystery. The little gentlemen found their places in the room and waited to do their bit. Soon Dom Gajard asked them to sing. Under their proud abbé's direction they started a *Kyrie,* and quite well too. There came a place, however, when they weakened and, with a rasping roar, came in the abbé's voice. Dom Gajard suggested that the boys do it alone. Again they started off, with the same results, and this was repeated, till we gave up hope of hearing the boys. Their director could not restrain giving what he thought was a boost, whereas his interference was becoming more and more of a joke to the small audience. There was a lesson in that performance for all of us. Do not sing with your choir. They must stand or fall on their own resources. Since then I have seen several excellent demonstrations ruined by the director's using his voice as a prop. Of the thousands who heard, he was the only one who thought it was a help.

A person who has had no previous instruction in Gregorian chant and who goes to Solesmes is not likely to be very satisfied with the courses of instruction offered there. There are none of a formal nature. On the other hand, I think that no one who visits the monastery will be disappointed if he goes looking for the right thing. For there is something there worth finding, something unique in all this world. A person interested enough in Gregorian to spend the time and money on a trip of this kind to France and Solesmes should prepare by reading some authentic manual based on the Solesmes conception of the chant. He should acquaint himself with the liturgical offices of the Church and, if not too familiar with Latin, should go provided with English translations.

When I say Solesmes is not a school, I mean it, as I have tried to explain, in the sense of formal progressive planned instruction. Solesmes is a school of devotion, a place where the spirit of Gregorian music is almost palpable. It is a school of chant where men prove their convictions by a life dedicated to the *Sacrificium Laudis.* But above any informal instruction, beyond any knowledge of the chant that can come from a visit to Solesmes, is the new light that dawns upon the meaning of sung prayer.

Four hundred years ago Desiderius Erasmus spoke acidly of singing:

> Saint Paul says he would rather speak five words with a reasonable meaning in them, than ten thousand in an unknown tongue. They chant nowadays in our churches in what is an unknown tongue and nothing else. . . . Modern music is so constructed that the congregation cannot hear one distinct word. The choristers themselves do not understand what they are singing. . . . Words nowadays mean nothing. They are mere sounds striking upon the ear, and men are to leave their work and go to church to listen to worse noises than were ever heard in Greek or Roman theatre [Quoted from G. F. Browne, "The Importance of Women in Anglo-Saxon Times," pages 184-187].

Against such strictures, today unfortunately merited in too many instances, Solesmes raises a mighty living voice, that it should not be so, that it need not be so. The sung worship of the Church has an irreprehensible position, not to mention its satisfying beauty, if only her members will acknowledge it and with heart and mind and tongue sing to God His praises in the true worship of understanding and love, and not merely, to quote Erasmus again, "by gurgling in their throats." This is Solesmes' greatest lesson, phrased by an English lieutenant on leave from Egypt, "Yes, that's it. It is the men themselves." Solesmes chant is an exquisite by-product of holiness.

First Aid to the Injured

Forestall the deeper evil of defeat,
The bitterness that rails against ill luck.
With the last vestige of your courage treat
The wound where the fang of failure struck.
Twist a tourniquet and slash the part—
Do not let the poison reach the heart.

IRENE WILDE.

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A Man of Our Day

By KATHERINE BURTON

PECULIARLY a man of our own day, though he lived nearly a century ago, was Orestes Brownson. He talked as might a philosopher of today—a true philosopher, who would stand up valiantly in an audience of doubters and false dreamers. He was gloomy, they complained at Concord and at Boston, when he visited there to lecture, but in retrospect it seems rather the gloom of a prophet who grieves for the world than that of a man wailing his own unhappiness.

He was a tall man, well over six feet, large and rangy and not heavy. His straight black hair was brushed back from his forehead and his eyes were grey when he was at rest and black when he was excited or disturbed. He had long wide hands which he used effectively when speaking. Boston was well accustomed to the sight of him, as minister and as doubter, as a follower of various Protestant sects, and as, finally, a Catholic, and always in the same garb: a swallow tail coat, loose black trousers, and an immaculate white handkerchief folded in front of his neck, crossed at the back and brought around to be tied in the front.

There were those who said he would be a more peaceful man in himself if he drank less strong coffee or if he went to bed at a reasonable time instead of writing until three or four in the morning. But it was more than coffee that made him sleepless and difficult.

Like his namesake he was a man pursued—not however by the Fates but by a desire to make the world a better place for other people, and for himself, so that he might find his soul's true home. The latter he did find after years of bitter search; the former he despaired of after wearying efforts to show men that not wealth but character, not desire for gain but love for the poor and defeated, was the criterion for a man.

"When I was twenty," he said, "and a Presbyterian and I told clergymen that I could not bear the doctrine that foreordained the wicked to sin necessarily so that God might damn them justly, they told me that the only way they could retain their faith was by refusing even in their own minds to reason on the subject."

So he left his cult of narrowness, whose tenets had come from Calvin, for the sunnier atmosphere of Universalism. This was a creed that denied evil altogether, a complete pendulum swing from the harsher belief. For three years he remained a Universalist preacher. He called himself Christian as they all did, but he denied Divine Revelation, he denied the Divinity of Christ, and he put away all belief in a future Judgment.

But he was too logical to hold so diffuse a faith for long. "Give me something tangible," he said. "This vague report of songs eternal on gold harps may appeal to some. I prefer to think heaven a scene of active virtue." But he was not ready for anything like the strict group he had left.

He had joined the Workingmen's party of the day—and suddenly despite sneers he left it. "I leave it," he retorted, "so that I may remain faithful to the workingmen's cause. What good will political amelioration be if social amelioration is neglected? And you will never get that by arraying labor against capital. Many of the men are virtually slaves but this is no way to get them out of their servitude."

He objected when, even in that long gone day, there were those who thought the State should take over many of the functions of the family. "They want the State to raise the children," he stormed, "to have them instructed only in what is material and sensible. I want them taught love, disinterestedness and sacrifice. Those will build a state."

They spoke to him of the value of having a constitution as bulwark of liberty and he smiled that gloomy smile of his that bothered people. "That our liberty is written on paper will be of little avail unless it is written on the heart. Our only hope is for a full development of our free institutions, in the moral soundness of the people. Unless we correct this all absorbing avarice of men, we must one day sigh like Athens and Rome under the whip of the despot."

"Besides," he added, "I feel our Declaration of Independence has a wider meaning than our fathers suspected. Equality never did mean that all are born with the same capacities but that all men have a common nature and belong to one common family and have equal rights." And he felt that meant, that none was to derive a benefit from another without giving him a full equivalent. And one day he said to George Ripley, "Sometimes I fear even for the Constitution—it is being perverted. There are some things the body politic must not do if it is to survive—a line that majorities may not pass."

The cultured people of Boston who admired his scholarship but resented his views, took it ill when he inveighed against the wealthy—against factory owners who were grinding down the poor, against those people who felt that a liberal education should not be given at all.

"A liberal education seems to be one which fits a man to live without labor," he snorted, "and

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disgust at labor, or trying to live without doing any, seems to account for most of the crimes against property. Labor seems avoided not so much because of the actual work but because it has become associated with the menial. And the clergy must bear down on the selfish rich and show them how wrong they are in living so."

"You want the clergy to amuse the people with dreams," said one irritated minister.

"Be it so," said Brownson soberly, "even dreams are sometimes from God. If the soul could not fly from the actual to the possible would there be any improvement ever in man?"

Education for all, he felt, was one answer. A nation could not call itself free if only a part of its people were educated—not alone with the head but with the hands too. He wanted better school buildings. "A small box, eighteen by twenty feet, at a crotch in the road, with four tiny windows—is that ample accommodation for thirty to forty students for four or eight years? How can young thought grow strong there?"

But he disapproved soft methods of education. He hated the opportunist type of books. "So many books published on men and measures and almost nothing on principles." He said he was glad too there had been few children's books in his day and that he had never read any. "Let old people read them and find recreation there, but they are damaging for children. They make their thinking too easy for them. Put them on pap and panado and their mental digestion will become weak even when they grow up. We are beginning to dilute literature for grown men and women now—these novels and romances!" For Brownson took his philosophers straight.

He felt sorry for the working man, and grew vocally indignant when he learned that in New York a man could be fined and imprisoned because he would not work at the wages offered him. And he felt sorry for the capitalist too, for in the cut-throat business methods he had to contend with he could get no chance to be really virtuous. When they spoke to him of the laboring classes having in this land a chance to rise in the social scale, he shook his head. "The class cannot rise—only individual members here and there—and they then become also cut-throat capitalists."

He used to stand and watch the crowds pour out of a factory at the end of the day and he asked himself—where was the proceeds of their labor going? So little to them, so much to the men who employed them. He saw clearly that worse was coming rather than better, that competition among manufacturers was growing less but that the increase of large corporations was bringing the workers under the control of corporate bodies and that would bring the capitalists closer together and give them even greater control over wages.

"Only wait," he told his friends, or anyone who would listen to him, "in a few years they will have wages down to the minimum of human subsistence and we shall see a population enfeebled in body and mind so that they can no longer make demands for amelioration. Give them suffrage, you say. What does suffrage matter when the interest of the capitalist is sure to triumph in the halls of legislation?"

He laughed at his former confreres in the ministry, calling their work merely "Sunday exercises."

"But perhaps they have been called by the Holy Ghost to preach," said young Isaac Hecker to him.

"Blaspheme not the Holy Ghost I beg of you," he flashed back, "by saying that such talking automatons are of His calling."

To Robert Owen, an Englishman who had risen from poverty to wealth and wanted to devote his money to set up an ideal social state in America, saying, "Given proper circumstances, we can all be perfect," Brownson listened patiently, but shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, "it is not as easy as that. You think we can all live in parallelograms. You can't start with such complete virtue anyway as a premise. You have to grow into it. And social states are not built over night according to an abstract authority. You have to take society as it is and work from there. You can develop, but you can't create."

"What do you call society anyway?" asked Owen.

"The union of all for the protection of each."

Orestes Brownson had, for some years, young Isaac Hecker to consider, for the latter often consulted him about his own spiritual turmoil. He had been at Brook Farm and at Fruitlands, Alcott's community, and even for a brief stay with the Shakers. He had looked into the tenets of the Episcopal Church and finally reached the state where he considered himself a Catholic: "whether Anglican or Roman I do not know—much depends on the Oxford movement as to whether there is any real choice for me."

Isaac wanted to stay near Boston. "There I would not be far from your influence," he told his older friend, "from the influence of your mind. With you so near I should be safe too from the Transcendental atmosphere. But," he added with boyish alarm, "when I speculate on the end to which this is leading me, sometimes I feel I can smile and hope and sometimes I can only weep and sigh."

By this time Brownson himself was very near the Church. He had lost all his objections to the Papacy. But he could not give up hope in the salvation of his friends outside the Church, and he could not feel sure of it either. He went to Bishop Fenwick of Boston with his difficulties, and the Bishop suggested that since he knew God was

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just it might be well to leave his Protestant friends in His hands.

"There is one other thing: if only I could find some excuse for the Protestant Reformation I should feel better," and he looked appealingly at the prelate.

But Bishop Fenwick, as he shook hands in farewell, said only, "Come and see me again and if you do find some excuse for the Reformation don't fail to let me know about it."

Brownson told Hecker about the interview, saying: "The Bishop said not one unkind word about Protestantism, but neither did I win from him any concessions at all. But I liked that, and had he been less uncompromising I fear I would have distrusted his sincerity."

In two weeks he was back with the Bishop, asking to be prepared for admission into the Church. In October of 1844 he was received. Many smiled when they heard it, saying he would be somewhere else soon, but Dr. Channing shook his head. "All his changes have not been fluctuations but steps in ethical progress," he declared. And over in England Newman, who later was to invite him to teach at Dublin, did not smile at the news.

"Well," said one jocose Transcendentalist to Brownson, "what have you brought into the Church, Orestes?"

"Nothing but my sins," he replied.

To George Ripley he spoke from his heart. "Suddenly I saw that the Church is the body of which Christ is the spirit. That the Catholic is the only Church."

"But hasn't it failed?" asked Ripley.

"Not unless we choose to give the lie to its Founder. You must reject Christ too, I am afraid, if you reject His Church. I have tried in every possible way to escape this conclusion but I cannot. And besides I see the Catholic Church has ever been the friend of the humble and the poor and friendless—that should convince even you."

Brownson, having found his lasting spiritual home, went his way, happy now in his inner life, though the state of the world about him still made him brooding and gloomy. How could he help but feel so when his life on earth was dedicated to the motto, "No party but mankind," and when he saw how far from any ideal was the world about him?

He spoke on this subject one day at Brook Farm and at the conclusion of his lecture George Curtis asked him, referring to his motto, "Do you think that will ever come about?"

Brownson sighed. "Perhaps it will—at the conclusion of a war, such a war as the world has never witnessed and from which the heart recoils in horror. No, I am sure that for long years my doctrines will be condemned almost unanimously. But they will all come to pass some day."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT MAY or it may not be true that, as the New York *Herald-Tribune* declared, "when a President has so conducted himself that he finds it necessary to get out of bed at midnight and issue a nightshirt declaration that he has no desire to become a dictator, something has been going rather dangerously wrong in the direction of the government," but certainly all decent people can hardly help thinking that such declarations undoubtedly show that there is something most dangerously wrong with the present direction of the daily press. To subject the President of the United States to such vulgar comment is inexcusable, particularly when it seems fairly certain that the alleged facts upon which the shoddy remarks are based are far from being true.

At any rate, Mr. Arthur Krock, who is chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *Times,* printed in his paper, days before the *Herald-Tribune* published its abusive editorial, the results of an investigation made by him into the circumstances surrounding the Warm Springs incident upon which the New York *Herald-Tribune* based its bit of skulduggery. According to Mr. Krock, the President had written the famous letter and turned it over to one of his secretaries, early in the evening. The secretary notified the newspapermen at Warm Springs that the letter was being prepared as a newspaper release. The reporters for the evening press tried to have the release held up until the following day, so that their papers would get it first. The reporters for the morning papers objected to that suggestion, and finally won their point, without any intervention by the President's secretary. There was no knowledge of the incident on the part of the President himself, who had gone to bed some hours before the release was finally turned over to the reporters by the stenographers and typists, who, being a small staff at Warm Springs, were behindhand with their work. Which was why the copy was not ready until after midnight. But the New York *Herald-Tribune,* along with many other newspapers and committees and groups and excited (or calculating) individuals, paid no attention to the facts of the case.

Another fact to which, so far as I have noticed, no editorial attention has been given by the writers who have been so excitedly, and at times so scurrilously, proclaiming that the Congress has most righteously and effectively rebuked the dictatorial President by its rejection of the greatly needed reorganization of our notoriously inefficient governmental system, is the results of the latest poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion. According to this, all the studies made by the institute of the trend of public opinion within the Democratic party indicate that in the coming primaries "Roosevelt will come through with flying colors," for "the New Dealers may be expected to win a prevailing number of primary triumphs over conservative Democrats." In other words, the poll figures emphatically support the view held by many indi-

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vidual observers of public affairs that the hullabaloo kicked up by the President's opponents in the press, and through the telegram-urging committees, had very little popular support.

It certainly showed the determination of his enemies, both within his own party, and, of course, among the conservative Republicans, but it presented no clear proof of any real lessening of the New Deal's hold upon the rank and file of Mr. Roosevelt's followers. They are still far more interested in the achieving of a substantial and permanent measure of social justice than they are in the loud shouting of the President's business enemies. But the degree to which the great mass of the daily papers are the propaganda instruments of big business interests is now seen to be very great. And the extent to which the great daily papers and syndicates exert their influence on behalf of selfish business interests not only in their own editorial pages, but unfairly and unjustly in their news columns, is a sinister fact which should be well studied by the more thoughtful portion of the public.

There is very little real respect for the press in the minds of millions of readers who more and more have been alienated from belief in the moral rectitude of the daily press by the way in which so large a portion of it gangs up against the President. There should, and in time there probably will, be steps taken to create a press that will be more nearly the servant of the whole public than the papers of today, with their complete reliance upon advertising, possibly can be.

Communications

MARITAIN LOOKS AT FRANCO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Apropos the discussion in THE COMMONWEAL concerning Jacques Maritain's attitude toward the Spanish Civil War, I should like to call attention to two articles which might throw some light on the subject at hand. Both were written by Mr. Reginald J. Dingle, a political journalist who is also an authority on current affairs in France. They are, "France and the Popular Front," in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1937, and "French Catholics and Politics," in the *Month* of February, 1938. Here may be found a partial explanation, at least, of M. Maritain's attitude toward Spain, an attitude which has caused his friends no little dismay and pain. These two articles should be of particular value to those who do not have access to the files of the discontinued Dominican journal, *Sept,* and the new weekly, *L'Hebdomadaire du Temps Présent.* To the December 31 issue of the *Temps Présent,* M. Maritain contributed his much-discussed "Etes-vous un Barbare?" There are those who believe that in this article M. Maritain regards as barbarians the great majority of European Catholics because of their sympathy with Nationalist Spain.

Mr. Dingle sees in the attitude of M. Maritain and in that of those of other French Catholic writers who have similar views a real danger to Catholicism in France. He says in part: "The respect we all feel for these eminent Catholic writers should not blind us to the essentially morbid character of an attitude which leads to an uncharitable treatment of the majority of their fellow Catholics and seems to the present writer to hover at times on the 'dangerous edge' of material heresy."

The article by C. J. Eustace in THE COMMONWEAL of February 4 and the reply to it in the February 25 issue by Anastasia M. Lawler might be followed up with profit by the two Dingle articles cited above.

REV. JOSEPH B. CODE.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Congratulations for publishing, in the issue of February 4, the excellent article by C. J. Eustace in defense of our greatest living Catholic philosopher. Many of my friends have wished to express similar views but saw little possibility of their being published.

Now that you have definitely opened the doors to the "radical Thomists" you can be sure of much material in corroboration by the growing army of "Maritainites."

Yes, it is hard to give up the rotten old ship, but the exodus is fast approaching. It is indeed a definite sign to read such statements as the following in your popular weekly: "Nothing now remains, however, but the bare bones of the pre-Reformation world, and this skeleton is a structure that has rejected Christ. Life has fled from it, and the means of resuscitating it have become, in a world almost wholly pagan, so ponderous that it is doubtful if much can be done with the corpse. But the end of *a* world . . . is not the end of *the* world."

LAURENCE C. DOYLE.

QUOTATIONS ON SPAIN

Iowa City, Iowa.

TO the Editors: Because THE COMMONWEAL is so widely read and so highly respected among non-Catholics, I am sending you the following catena of quotations, culled from *Blackfriars,* as an attempt to indicate that, while the attitude of so many of our prolific penmen toward affairs in unhappy Spain is a legitimate attitude for Catholics, it is not the only one:

"It is necessary that all be reminded that the personal opinion of an ecclesiastic, even of the Primate of Spain, does not involve the Church in a matter of religious politics, still less in a purely political matter" (Father Pie Duployé, O.P., from *La Vie Intellectuelle,* 25 February, 1937, in *Blackfriars,* April, 1937, page 297).

"While the Master-General's letter sternly condemns the anti-religious atrocities and stresses that religious issues have in fact become staked in the Spanish conflict, I am unable to find therein any approval of the war, still less any condemnation of Catholics generally who decline to involve themselves in it. Indeed, the Master-General's assertion that 'each time that Catholics in history have preferred force to persuasion, religion has marked a setback' (*Tablet,* January 2, 1937) hardly encourages such an attitude" ("Penguin," in *Blackfriars,* May, 1937, page 384).

"[The Spanish bishops'] letter . . . has already been quoted at length by our Catholic weeklies to an extent

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which renders a full record of its contents superfluous, and has subsequently been published as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society. Here we would confine ourselves to drawing attention to a few points in the letter which are liable to be conveniently overlooked elsewhere. Their Lordships rebuke what they courageously call 'the anti-Christian spirit which has seen in the Spanish struggle a decisive struggle for or against the religion of Christ and Christian civilization' (page 2, C. T. S. edition). While they justify the insurrection as inevitable and necessary under the circumstances created by previous misgovernment and the threat of a Communist *coup d'état* (the allegations that the Government's impotence to maintain order before the war was due to sabotage on the part of Right elements is not dealt with), they deplore the fact of the war, and lay particular empasis on the fact that it is not a Crusade (pages 5-6). They insist that the Church 'has not tied herself to anybody, either parties, persons or tendencies' (page 24) and that 'the Church has not been able to identify herself with conduct, tendencies or intentions which at the present time or in the future might be able to distort the character of the National Movement, its origins, manifestations and ends' (page 14). . . . The bishops, moreover, though distressed at the pro-Republican sympathies of certain Catholics, Spanish and foreign, and at their criticism of their own attitude, have no word of reproach to those non-Spanish Catholics who, like ourselves, have felt no call to be embroiled in this hideous war; and we may be indeed thankful that we have been under no such compulsion to take sides as that whereby they justify their own support of General Franco's campaign against members of their own flocks. . . . Their position, as they explain it in their letter, is a profoundly tragic and unenviable one that commands the most sympathetic respect, even in quarters where some of its contentions on points of fact may still fail to carry conviction" ("Penguin," in *Blackfriars,* October, 1937, pages 783-784).

There are other quotably apposite things in other numbers of the English Dominicans' excellent monthly, but this letter is already too long; and it is my hope that these quotations, taken together with the contributions of Miss Barbara Barclay Carter and Mr. C. J. Eustace which have appeared in your columns, will suffice to indicate to open-minded persons that there is a respectable body of Catholic opinion which cannot quite see the activities of the Spanish Nationalists and their Fascist and Nazi friends as what "Penguin" in another place wittily termed *Gesta Dei per Franco.*

REV. DONALD HAYNE.

VEUILLOT, MASTER OF OBEDIENCE

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: Commenting admirably in the April 1 issue of THE COMMONWEAL on the life and work of Louis Veuillot, the centenary of whose conversion to Catholicism was celebrated in Rome at the beginning of this year, M. Jules-Bois wrote: "As to the temporal power of which Pius IX and his successors were shorn, it has been partially restored by the Lateran Treaty under Pius XI."

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It has repeatedly occurred to me that if instead of using in this connection the phrase, "the temporal power of the Popes," Catholics would speak of "the political freedom and independence of the Papacy," they would more nearly express the mind of the Church and more accurately describe the existing condition.

In so doing they would obviate the misunderstanding that the commoner phrase sometimes tends to create in the minds of people inadequately informed. Moreover, they would help to make clearer why on the score of the Lateran Treaty Catholics are intelligently grateful to the statesmanship of Signor Mussolini. (Of course it is not only Catholics who should find the idea of the Head of the Catholic Church subservient to any political power intolerable.) That because of their gratitude on this score, Catholics are not committed to an approval of the policies of Fascism as a whole, men of intelligence and good-will should have no difficulty in realizing. That they are not so committed the Catholic press constantly reveals, as for instance in the article of Carlo Sforza, Italy's former Minister of Foreign Affairs, which appears in the same issue of THE COMMONWEAL in which M. Jules-Bois's article appears. That the Church is officially so committed only stupidity or malice will presume to pretend in the face of the Pope's own explicit pronouncements.

M. R. COPITHORNE.

GOOSE-STEP FREEDOM

West Baden Springs, Ind.

TO the Editor: Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein writes of course from the barricades not from the ivory tower. Under the circumstances it is intelligible that a Catholic of the most immaculate orthodoxy should let fall an unfortunate phrase. Such a Catholic will also be the first to welcome just correction.

Prince Loewenstein writes: "History shows several cases of a people deserting their Emperor, whom the Pope had declared a violator of the duties of a Christian monarch. History records cases too when the same happened to Popes who had lost their qualification as servants and representatives of Divine Justice" (THE COMMONWEAL, March 18, 1938, page 568).

If the second sentence means that some Popes by their personal faults have given scandal in the Church and lent occasion to the sin of schism, it is true. But in that case it is hardly a parallel to the previous sentence, which speaks of juridical deposition and legitimate withdrawal of allegiance. The Pope, in his office as Pope, rules by Right Divine and is subject to no earthly judge nor to legitimate secession on the part of any Catholic.

This obvious point, which THE COMMONWEAL of course implicitly maintains, is not, I fear, today irrelevant. There are political forces abroad that have for their considered purpose to drive, if they can, the edge of anti-clericalism right through the Mystical Body of Christ. A confused and somewhat confusing statement on the central issue of the authority of our Visible Head can serve them well.

REV. EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.

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Matters of Opinion

Divided France

CONTINUED French disunion despite the growing threat of Hitlerism is explained by Anne O'Hare McCormick in the New York *Times:* "Communists in France are more extreme, Socialists more doctrinaire, conservatives more conservative, than they are anywhere else. Yet everywhere one hears that the little people, the small business men, the artizans, the farmers, the lower middle class in general are middle-of-the-road people."

This impression tallies with that of the acute Citizen Genêt in the *New Yorker:* "To millions of middle-minded French, democratically sick of both Communism and Fascism, the purge in Moscow and the purge in Vienna seem like the same lamentable modern history. . . . What lots of French hope they'll now get is an Unpopular Front—one in which politicians will stop playing murderous party politics, alternately protecting Cagoulards and foreign agitators and voting taxes that gobble half of what their electors earn. . . ."

As an example of this partizan approach Harry Gannes writes in the New York *Daily Worker:* "The offensive against the French Popular Front is now openly guided by the Chamberlain government. Within France the foes of the Popular Front are definitely allied to and are collaborating with Hitler. . . . The enemies of world democracy and peace now expect an intermediary government in France, keeping out Socialists and Communists, in the hope that it will gain time to mature the Fascist plans of violence, or allow Hitler and Mussolini to bring greater threats on the Franco-Spanish border by deeper advances into Spain and by completion of the Anglo-Italian dirty deal."

Commenting more suavely from the opposite pole the London *Tablet* says Léon Blum has "antagonized the Italians and the new National Spain, and has thus inevitably thrown France on the defensive with three frontiers to guard instead of one. These national disasters have been incurred through a fanatical devotion to Left-wing doctrine, and the first step for the recovery of French strength will be the replacement of the Popular Front by a truly National Government, one which will shed itself of its Communist and Socialist elements and seek conciliation with the Nationalists in Spain."

As an example of a constructive, unpartizan attitude on France, Penguin says in *Blackfriars:* "Catholics have shown themselves to be most effective in influencing the political situation for what they know to be man's real good, precisely in the measure in which they have preserved their independence of party alliances." He cites *La Vie Intellectuelle* to the effect that "the spirit of political responsibility, so far from being identical with, precisely excludes the spirit of political partizanship. Not only is Catholicism as such "above and outside political parties; the individual Catholic adherent of them must always retain his spiritual independence."

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The Reorganization Bill

THE TREATMENT of the Reorganization Bill by legislators and citizens is some sort of an argument against plain materialism. The bill itself, as a definite proposed law, dealing in no obviously partizan manner with inefficiencies of administration always recognized, clearly was not the thing. The Reorganization Bill was made into an immaterial symbol, and it certainly lost no reality when, some time between its first mention at the beginning of 1937 and its recent death, it entered its new state. *Newsweek* says, "In sum, it had become a symbol of Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and power . . . a Grade A political football."

Not the least interesting element that made the bill what it became was the rediscovered voice of Father Coughlin. Father Coughlin, again reaching a huge radio audience, advocated that "every congressional district in these United States shall organize a committee. . . . I propose that these committees . . . shall be modern Paul Reveres whose business it will be to ride to Washington and arouse from slumber their respective representatives and senators." There wasn't time for the Paul Reveres to make Washington, but it is estimated that from 80,000 to 100,000 telegrams were sent in their place. This same Paul Revere theme was taken up by the *Daily Worker,* when it noted that "Tories defeat Reorganization Bill by narrow House vote." The Communist party paper, as willing to accept the bill at its symbolic worth as the most reactionary, made the New York Board of Trade the real enemy: "America has witnessed the first fascist march on its capitol. Hearst, Father Coughlin, the American agents of Adolf Hitler, and Wall Street, acting directly through its own 'respectable' New York Board of Trade, openly joined to perpetrate the march against the New Deal Reorganization Bill."

Paul Y. Anderson, in the *Nation,* was more analytical. He attributes the adverse vote to: "(1) government bureaucrats and employees who are fearful of what might happen to them in a shake-up; (2) private interests which have established convenient pipe-lines into existing agencies and have their own reasons for not wishing them disturbed; (3) members of Congress and other politicians who stand to lose considerable patronage by the extension of the merit system; and (4) everyone who wishes to do anything that might annoy, irritate, hamper, impede, distress or damage Roosevelt." David Lawrence, in his very conservative column, writes most ambiguously several days after the fact: "It took intensive organization and lots of hard work on the part of a small band of militant citizens to arouse the country to the issues raised in this session of Congress by the Reorganization Bill."

But after the market retreated from its first exuberance, and commentators had a week-end to think matters over, it was generally agreed that by dealing so strenuously with the symbol, Congress had not gone very far in acting upon the still tangible depression.

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The Stage and Screen

A Comedy of Good and Evil

DON'T let the slight smell of brimstone scare you away from "A Comedy of Good and Evil." The smell is very faint, and the fun is very good, and though Gladys, the little myrmidon of Satan, tries to make the other characters believe that wrong will at the end triumph over right she never succeeds in accomplishing it; in fact we feel she doesn't really believe it herself. Gladys is a little devil who in the form of an angelic child insinuates herself into the hearts of a worthy Welsh clergyman and his wife, and who gives the wife a real but Satanic leg in place of her wooden one. Because the clergyman protects the child, though knowing that she is an imp of Lucifer, he is placed in danger of damnation; but in the end Gladys refuses to lead him to her infernal master. As she says, she is always tempted to do good instead of evil, and at the end she succumbs to her temptation. We feel that Gladys herself will, perhaps after a suitable period in purgatory, join her protector in heaven. Perhaps this isn't exactly what Richard Hughes meant in his delightfully fantastic comedy, but it is certainly something very near it. I don't know that theologically the play is above suspicion, but at least its heart, and that of Mr. Hughes, yes, and even Gladys's, is in the right place. For Gladys, after all, is only a partly fallen angel. Her youth has been open to bad suggestion, but twenty-four hours in a worthy Welsh family very nearly sets things right with her. Another such visit to another such family will certainly place her among the elect.

Mr. Hughes's play is not the sort of comedy appropriate for a Broadway theatre. It belongs in just such a theatre as that of the Play Room Club, and should be given in just such a fashion as the young artists of the club give it, with no footlights and with no curtain, in a tiny auditorium in which the audience is almost a part of the play itself. Directed most sensitively by Joan Hathaway, and played simply and whimsically by a cast of young actors and actresses, it is one of the most delightful dramatic events of the season. Mervin C. Williams as the clergyman, Mildred Dunnock as his wife, give admirably fresh and sincere performances, while Peggy Converse as Gladys has a personality Hollywood will get if she doesn't watch out. Miss Converse's impersonation is compounded of kittenish malice, of sprightly charm, of subtle pathos. It has extraordinary restraint, and yet when provoked she is a little spitting, scratching ball of vicious fire. Young as she is, Miss Converse has already unusual technical proficiency, and she has something far more rare—variety and imagination. She ought to go far.

But what is even more interesting than either the play or the acting is the spirit informing this new group of players. These groups of semi-amateurs and young professionals are the hope of the American theatre. It is they who must vitalize our drama, and provide a training-ground for young players denied a hearing on Broadway. It is in these theatres where our future Cornells and Hayeses and Merediths must learn their art.

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GRENVILLE VERNON.

Marco Polo

THERE was little prudence in building so many walls and renting so many horsemen to put an inferior gangster picture in tinsel disguise. But what should annoy the public as well as the stockholders of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is that the magic names of Marco Polo and Kublai Khan have been thrown into the pot from which such weak broth has been brewed from scraps of stock—both characters and situations. Had Mr. Archie Mayo, the director, only sensed at the finish the humors of his "soupy" sequence, he might have turned it into an all-time super farce.

This is the only angle from which it may be viewed without bitterness from the start, when Ernest Truex with Bronxville comedy starts off from a Coney Island Venice with Gary Cooper as Mr. Deeds in a dressing gown—which is supposed to convert him into Polo—for a visit to Shangri La (Pekin). Of course the first person they meet is H. B. Warner, who has thoughtfully translated himself and his philosophy from Tibet to the Middle Kingdom. The Great Khan turns out to be a domesticated Fu Manchu who settles himself on his throne as if it were a rocker. To preserve the non-Mongoloid splendor of Mr. Basil Rathbone's profile, he becomes a sadistic Saracen who keeps vultures in his sitting-room and hungry tigers underneath the floor. The Princess adds a Norwegian accent to a cast whose diction varies from strong Western "r's" to broad British "a's" and Cockney. Nomad tribes then begin to gallop across the familiar California landscape and Mr. Deeds challenges the Lone Ranger. Recalling the famous days of Belasco he also teaches the Princess the occidental kiss when not rubbing noses with nomad sirens.

The Marco who circumscribed the wonders of the East came to life once again in our day in the romanticism of Donn Byrne and the fiery satiric imagination of O'Neill. That Robert Sherwood should have lent his name to this cheap shadow is its only mystery. This Kublai knows no Xanadu.

EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

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Books of the Day

A Group on Education

Experience and Education, by John Dewey. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Educational Freedom and Democracy. The Second Yearbook of the John Dewey Society. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.25.
The Family: Past and Present; edited by Bernhard J. Stern. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.75.

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY has influenced educational thought and practise in America more than any other living person. This is more readily admitted by his opponents than by his followers.

Now approaching his eightieth year, Mr. Dewey presents in this series of published lectures a résumé of his philosophy of education, another criticism of "traditional" education, and an analysis of the possible good and bad effects of "progressive" education.

The difference between the "traditional" and the "new" education can, he believes, be formulated. In the "traditional" system subject-matter was imposed from above and was determined by adult standards, discipline was likewise externally imposed by adults, learning was from teachers and texts, skills and techniques were acquired by drill, education was regarded as preparation for the future, and the aims and materials were static. In the "progressive" school the cultivation of individuality is the basis for selecting subject-matter, learning is through experience instead of from teachers and texts, skills and techniques are acquired as means of "attaining ends which make direct vital appeal," the present is stressed rather than the future, and aims and materials are progressively developed from a changing world.

If the "progressives" understand what Mr. Dewey says in this book they will dislike much of it, and if the "traditionalists" read it, they too will be disturbed. He says that there are occasions when the parent or teacher has to exercise authority and control. He thinks that these occasions should be reduced to a minimum, but the admission that at any time the parent or teacher should use authority in dealing with the child will be embarrassing to most of the "progressives." He criticizes the "progressives" for having often converted their reaction against the "traditional" system "into the idea that progressive schools can to a very large extent ignore the past." He regards the failure to select and organize intellectual subject-matter as the weakest point in the "progressive" schools and he says that "the achievements of the past provide the only means at command for understanding the present." If this sounds sympathetic to the theories of Dr. Robert Hutchins, the last person to admit it would be Mr. Dewey himself. He makes it clear in this book as elsewhere in his recent writings that in his opinion the adoption of Hutchins's theories would be folly.

The "traditionalists" will be justified in objecting to the manner in which Mr. Dewey states principles which they have always held, as though these principles were new ideas. In discussing the necessity for making the past a means of understanding the present, he says: "When we do that we have a problem that is new in the story of education: How shall the young become acquainted with the past in such a way that the acquaintance is a potent agent in appreciation of the living present?" This is

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not a new problem. Nor is there anything new or modern in recognizing that it is a problem. Again, Mr. Dewey says: "The way out of a scholastic system that made the past an end in itself is to make acquaintance with the past a means of understanding the present." No scholastic system has made the study of the past an end in itself.

He discusses the nature of freedom and its relation to education briefly and intelligently. He shows that freedom of movement is a means, not an end, and that the problem of freedom in education is not solved when external freedom is obtained. The end that is served by added liberty and the consequences that flow from it are the important aspects of the problem.

The clarity and common sense that Mr. Dewey displays in discussing freedom are not found in the book, "Educational Freedom and Democracy." This second yearbook of the John Dewey Society contains contributions from nine "educationists." Boyd H. Bode discusses the meaning of freedom in education. His chapter and the one by Howard K. Beale are the best in the collection, and the chapter on freedom in higher education by Carl Wittke, dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of Oberlin College, is the worst. It is a depressing confusion of badly worded banalities such as this: "What is so important about the individual scholar's absolute freedom of utterance is that without it it becomes impossible to maintain freedom of inquiry, discussion, and teaching for society as a whole." The section by William H. Kilpatrick is second rate and typical of the contributions to educational thought of Columbia University's erstwhile "million dollar professor."

One of the ideas stressed throughout "Educational Freedom and Democracy" is the necessity for impartiality and freedom from indoctrination of any sort in school work. The Commission on Human Relations of the Progressive Education Association provides a source book which has attempted to do exactly this, in "The Family." It is intended for college students, and aims to help them understand the function of the family in society. The selections range from a brief paper on how wealth affects the family relations of the Tolowa-Tututni to a study of sex relations outside marriage in contemporary America. The Catholic doctrine on marriage is represented by three pages from the decrees of the Council of Trent and an excerpt from an encyclical of Pope Pius XI. The book was obviously prepared with care and sincerity of purpose. Nevertheless, the educational value of a collection of scraps of miscellaneous information is questionable.

It is Mr. Dewey who says that "conservatives as well as radicals in education are profoundly discontented with the present educational situation taken as a whole." The conventional comment to make at this point is that a sign of hope is to be found in this widespread recognition of the true state of affairs. But this is not the case. Educators do not seem to know what they are trying to do nor why they are trying to do it. Until some reasonable goal has been formulated, based upon a reasonable philosophy of education, this desperate malaise is likely to continue.

RUTH BYRNS.

Brother Flo, An Imaginative Biography, by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MR. SHUSTER has made a very interesting little book out of his acquaintance as a student with Brother Flo during his college years. Brother Flo was just one of the lay Brothers who as a rule used to bulk

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rather large physically, and often also mentally, in the smaller Catholic colleges of the past generation. It was an experience and part of an education to have been brought in contact with them. They were often very shrewd but also pious members of the religious communities which had charge of the college. Some were extremely interesting and very human characters indeed. Not to have known one or more of them is to have missed something in life. They were not infrequently, in their simple way, as influential in the spiritual life of the institution as the priestly members whose intellectual opportunities would seem to make them so much more important than the lay Brothers. There is a warmth of feeling about Mr. Shuster's description of Brother Flo that makes one who had similar experiences realize how important these simple, honest old men—and sometimes they were not so old—were for the spiritual life of the house.

These men are demonstrations of the wisdom of the founders of religious orders who thus created a place for very valuable assistants in the work of their order while at the same time adding an extremely important factor to community life. Anyone who picks up "Brother Flo" will surely not want to lay it down until he has finished it. He will have a particularly pleasant memory of college life brought back to him, for amid the recollections of college days there is very often one or more of these lay Brothers, who well deserve to be honored by those who appreciated them, before their memory fades in the midst of the modern larger institutions where they occupy necessarily a more modest place than in the smaller colleges of other days. JAMES J. WALSH.

Words, by Margaret S. Ernst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.20.

FOR A great many years, there has been a growing tendency to minimize the importance of grammar and spelling in the elementary school curriculum and to reduce these subjects even in the high school to increasingly low minimums. It has apparently been assumed that casual or incidental attention to these matters as they happened to correlate with instructional "units" would be sufficient, and that any claims to inherent values in the study of grammar and spelling as such are without foundation. Much controversy has not clarified the situation, but if actual evidence is still admitted as proof, one has only to use his eyes and ears to observe that inability to spell even relatively common words is distressingly prevalent and that gross grammatical errors are becoming more and more common.

Mrs. Margaret S. Ernst of the City and Country School in New York, believing that if a child is to take an interest in his language and develop a desire to speak and write it fluently, he must be happily introduced to its beauties as well as its difficulties early in life, has worked for a number of years on methods of teaching language, spelling and vocabulary to elementary school children. The result is a book well calculated to cultivate interest and awareness, not only in the grade pupil, but in his elders in high school and the home.

The book begins in easy, colloquial style to interest the young reader in the derivation of his own names and then, presenting him with a "magic key to spelling," proceeds to make dictionary study a fascinating game and digging for roots in the old English garden not only a delightful but a strengthening pursuit. "Words" is an excellent

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desk book for the teacher at any level, especially if sets for the pupils cannot be afforded, while in those smaller communities where such books rarely become texts, parents would find it an excellent addition to their children's library. As Mrs. Ernst says, "Word-study is a fine game to be enjoyed all your life. All you need by way of equipment is a good dictionary and a well-sharpened wit."

BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

The Story of Instruction; the Church, the Renaissances, and the Reformation, by Ernest Carroll Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

IN THIS volume the author begins with "The New Faith" and carries on the story of instruction through "The Counter-Reformation." The work is very well written; it flows smoothly and felicitously throughout. President Moore in leisurely but never tedious fashion provides the reader with adequate background as he goes along. For reasons which are not evident he chose to omit the education of chivalry, and to give less space to "Luther and the Reformation" than to "Loyola and the Counter-Reformation." The statement that the University of Paris "grew from the work of a supreme teacher" (page 302), Abélard, is too strong; it grew from the work of many teachers, some of whom preceded Abélard.

One may wonder why the scholarly Rabanus Maurus was not included in the index. Many lesser lights appear there. However, if these are defects they are not very important in a book that is so uniformly good. In the main it is authentic. I can say without reservation that it is the most interesting history of instruction or education that I have ever read. In the past twenty-five years I have read them all.

ROBERT F. SEYBOLT.

Ethics: From the Standpoint of Scholastic Philosophy, by J. Elliot Ross, Ph.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.50.

THIS is the third edition of a widely known and widely used manual. It presents several improvements over its two predecessors. It is more attractively printed; the pages are so much larger that their number has been reduced by about one hundred. There are additional works of reference and a list of questions, apparently for the first time, at the close of each chapter. The first chapter and part of the second have been rewritten and the topics appear in a somewhat different order. Both these features are distinct improvements.

There is one defect in the first two editions which is retained in the present volume. That is the inadequate treatment of the "proximate norm of morality" (page 63). We are still told that "the fitting and orderly perfection of man's nature is the proximate norm of morality," but we are not advised in sufficient detail as to just how or why this proposition is true. The words just quoted are immediately followed by the following propositions: "This nature properly considered is: (1) contingent, dependent for existence upon the Creator and therefore having certain duties to Him; (2) composite, as being a complete being with diverse faculties and functions subordinated to each other; (3) social, as having certain contact with similar beings whence arise rights and duties."

That is all, there is no amplification of implementation of these three propositions. Yet they express the most fundamental truths in the whole science of ethics. What do they mean in concrete terms in the various fields of conduct? We get no specific answer from the text.

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To be sure, the implications of these propositions are stated under appropriate headings in the various succeeding chapters, but they are not in those places related to the fundamental propositions. The three propositions, or principles, should have received a systematic expansion and application immediately after they were enunciated. When the average person is told that the norm of morality, the factor that distinguishes right actions from wrong ones, is man's nature, he wants to know just what is meant. Father Ross does not explicitly answer this question.

Nevertheless, the reviewer, having used the earlier editions of Father Ross's manual in the classroom for more than fifteen years, is glad to declare that in his opinion it is the best textbook on ethics that we have in English. JOHN A. RYAN.

Richard Porson: A Biographical Essay, by M. L. Clarke. Cambridge University Press. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.90.

PORSON was, next to Bentley, the greatest English scholar in the classics. Yet he never gave a lecture, nor had a pupil, in the strict sense. As regius professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1792 to 1808, he visited the university once a year to examine the students; the remainder of his academic career was spent in the London taverns, chiefly at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane. It is unlikely, says his biographer, that he ever spent much money except upon books and drink. In an age and country that neglect the classics, his achievements in textual criticism and metrics may seem no title to remembrance. But Porson was, like his contemporary Samuel Johnson, an extraordinary English character and type of the English genius.

As a scholar he seems the magnificent amateur in the true English fashion rather than the systematic and laborious plodder. He knew Greek so completely that he thought in Attic. The doctor who attended his deathbed observed that it seemed easier for the dying man to speak in Greek than in his mother tongue. His quarrel with a rival German editor of the "Hecuba" was a difference between two modes of thought: the German's *a priori* system of reasoning, to which he made the readings conform, and the intuitive faculty of Porson's mind, saturated with what the Greeks had written, for feeling what a fifth-century Athenian would have said in a doubtful passage. Mr. Clarke has written a model biographical essay, which such a man deserves. E. P. RICHARDSON.

Libraries and Literature from a Catholic Standpoint, by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 7/6.

A GOOD critic must have a cool head and a warm heart; he must have enthusiasms and guard them, and his likings must be as strong as his hates, all of which traits appear and disappear in this latest book by one of the most prolific writers on Catholic bibliography. The thesis in this volume is that Catholic literature needs to be more widely known and more readily accessible.

On its physical side, which means shape, size, type, leading and binding, the volume is a poor specimen of modern bookcraft; the check list of Catholic writers is limited to living authors; and the index does not do justice to the comprehensiveness of the contents.

Historical and bibliographical in nature, critical and comparative in treatment, this book will appeal only to the serious student of professional literature. The technical style would seem to defeat the purpose stated in

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the Foreword: "To make Catholic literature more widely known." Yet on its intrinsic value and merits, the book should be found in the collection of every library, Catholic and non-Catholic, for its information and practical suggestions. Chapters IV, VI and IX will be particularly helpful to those who are charged with the selection of books for purchase. Frequent reference to Saint Thomas Aquinas and Maritain make us grateful to Father Brown for his application of Catholic principles to modern library literature.

MOTHER AGATHA.

JUVENILES

Little Patron of Gardiners, the Good Saint Francis, by Catherine Beebe. Illustrated by Robb Beebe. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00.

A SAINT'S life for children from three years to six. Told and illustrated with a fine lack of piousity.

Popo's Miracle, by Charlie May Simon. Illustrated by Howard Simon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A WELL-TOLD tale of a Mexican boy's adventures in finding his vocation as an artist through the intervention of Popo, a donkey which serves as *deus ex machina.* (From eight years on.)

The Baby Panda, by Ruth Harkness. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.00.

A NATURAL and charming account of a small animal whose own natural charm captured the public's heart. Illustrated with photographs so good as almost to make the text unnecessary. (Eight or nine up.)

The King's Daughters, by Lady Cynthia Asquith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

ANY PARENT who would even consider purchasing such a book as this for his or her children will find it good. All others had best avoid it, lest their little girls become little princesses. (Eight or nine up.)

Uncle Dan, by Cyril Clemens and Carroll Sibley. Thirty illustrations by Dan Beard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.00.

A BIOGRAPHY of Dan Beard which serves for older readers as well as younger, and written excellently in character with the subject, whose unique quality of innocent yet virile sweetness has endeared him to all young people. (Particularly for boys, from ten years up.)

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The Inner Forum

MANY loose assertions are made as to how money is given in charity; very little definite information is available. Recently the College of New Rochelle co-operated with certain persons who had prepared a questionnaire to find out more about the giving habits of younger people. The survey only covered what is said to be a fair sample of New Rochelle girls, a section of the department of sociology, and so we have no basis for making a comparative statement. But what was elucidated from the seventy-two girls answering the questionnaire is interesting.

This questionnaire was, most unfortunately, badly framed, so that only two general conclusions can be drawn from it: (a) the vast majority of the girls give on impulse rather than as a result of any budget plan (60 out of 72); and (b) organizations and individuals share the charity of the group about equally. Neither of these conclusions is particularly startling, but it is interesting to note that out of incomes averaging between $150 and $400, the mean annual portion devoted to charity is well over 10 per-cent. This speaks well for the generosity of young people, which is so often questioned by those who constantly praise age at the expense of youth.

Considerable interest lies in the types of charity for which preference was expressed and in the specific beneficiaries named.

Types Preferred		*Named Beneficiaries*	
Missions	39	Red Cross	36
Children	34	Church Collections	15
Cripples	9	Catholic Worker	15
Old People	9	Catholic Charities	11
Beggars	3	St. Vincent de Paul	11
Sick People	1	Spanish Relief	7
		Hospitals	6
		Salvation Army	4
		Veterans, Little Sisters of the Poor, a humane society, cancer work	1 each

Seventeen of the seventy-two girls say that they give away their old clothes; thirty-eight give baskets to the poor at Christmas.

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